

*The Tragedie of Hamlet*

Then I will come to my mother by and by,  
They foole me to the top of my bent, I will come by and by,  
Leue me friends.  
I will, say so. By and by is easily said,  
Tis now the very witching time of night,  
When Churchyards yawne, and hell it selfe breakes out  
Contagion to this world: now could I drinke hote blood,  
And doe such businesse as the bitter day  
Would quake to looke on: soft, now to my mother,  
O hart loose not thy nature! let not euer,  
The soule of *Nero* enter this firme bosome!  
Let me be cruell, not vnnaturall,  
I will speake dagger to her, but vse none,  
My tongue and soule in this be hypocrites,  
How in my words someuer she be shent,  
To give them scales neuer my soule consent.

*Exit.*

*Enter King, Roseneraus, and Gayldenferne.*

*King.* I like him not, nor stands it safe with vs  
To let his madnesse range, therefore prepare you,  
I your commission will forth-with dispatch,  
And he to England shall along with you,  
The termes of our estate may not endure  
Hazard so neer's as doth hourly grow,  
Out of his browes.

*Guyl.* We will our selues prouide,  
Most holy and religious feare it is  
To keepe those many many bodies safe  
That liue and feed vpon your Maiesty.

*Ros.* The single and peculiare life is bound,  
With all the strength and armour of the mind  
To keepe it selte from noyance, but much more  
That spirit, vpon whose weale depends and rests  
The liues of many, the cesse of Maiesty  
Dies not alone; but like a gulfe doth draw  
What's meere it, with it, or it is a inassie wheele  
Fixt on the sommet of the highest mount,  
To whose hugh spokes, tenn thousand lesser things  
Are morteist and adioynd, which when it falls,

*Each*

*Enter of Denmark.*

Each small annexment, pety consequence  
Attends the boystrous raine, neuer alone  
Did the King sigh, but a generall growne.  
King, Arme you I pray you to this speedy voyage,  
For we will setters put about this feare  
Which now goes too free-footed.

*Ros.* We will haft vs.

*Exeunt Gent.*

*Enter Polonius.*

*Pol.* My Lord, he's going to his mothers closet,  
Behind the Arras I'le conuay my selfe  
To here the proffesie, I'le warrant shee'le tax him home,  
And as you said, and wisely was it sayd,  
Tis meete that some more audience then a mother,  
Since nature makes them partiall, should ore-heare  
The speech of vantage; fare you well my Leige,  
I'le call vpon you ere you goe to bed.  
And tell you what I know.

*Exit.*

*King.* Thankes deere my Lord.  
O my offence is rancke, it smels to heauen,  
It hath the primall eldest curse uppont,  
A brothers murther, pray can I not,  
Though inclination be as sharp as will,  
My stronger guilt defeats my stonge entent,  
And like a man to double busines bound,  
I stand in pause where I shall first beginne,  
And both neglect: what if this cursed hand  
Were thicker then it selfe with brothers blood,  
Is there not raine enough in the swee'e Heauens  
To wash it white as snow: whereto serues mercy  
But to confront the visage of offence?  
And what's in praier but this two-fold force,  
To be forestalled ere we come to fall,  
Or pardon being downe, then I le looke vp.  
My faults is past, but oh! what forme of prayer  
Can serue my turne? forgiue me my soule murther,  
That cannot be since I am still possesse  
Of those affects for which I did the murther;  
My Cowne, mine owne ambition, and my Queene;

*I*

*May*